

MARTHA: (*Polishing grate.*) Aye, that I do. I just love it. It's none bare. It's covered wi' growin' things an' smells sweet. It's fair lovely in spring an' summer when th' gorse an' broom an' heather's in flower. I wouldn't live away from th' moor for anythin'.

MARY: What's your name?

MARTHA: I'm Martha. (*Cheerfully.*) Martha Sowerby.

MARY: Well, you certainly are a strange servant.

MARTHA: (*Leans back on her heels, blacking brush in hand, and laughs.*) Eh. I know that. If there was a grand Missus at Misselthwaite, I should never have been one of th' housemaids. I might have been let to be a scullery maid, but I'd never been let upstairs. I'm too common an' I talk too much Yorkshire.

MARY: (*Imperious.*) Are you going to be my servant?

MARTHA: I'm Mrs. Medlock's servant. An' she's Mr. Craven's, but I'm to do the housemaid's work an' wait on you a bit.

MARY: Who is going to dress me?

MARTHA: (*Breaking into laughter.*) Canna' tha' dress thyself?!

MARY: What do you mean? I don't understand your language. And stop looking at me. Stop.

MARTHA: (*Still laughing.*) I mean can't you put on your own clothes?

MARY: (*Indignantly.*) No. I never did in my life. My Ayah dressed me, of course.

MARTHA: (*Good-naturedly.*) Well, it's time tha' should learn. (*She has put away the cleaning brushes and grate black and goes to the armoire to look through the clothes hanging there.*) My mother always said she couldn't see why grand people's children didn't turn out fair fools — what with nurses an' bein' washed an' dressed an' took out to walk as if they was puppies!

MARY: (*Disdainfully.*) It is different in India.

MARTHA: Eh. I can see it's different. When I heard you was comin' from India I thought you was a native. I's fair disappointed that you weren't.